DC UNIVERSE™

DCU HOLIDAY BASH! III

1999 SPECIAL

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DAMIAN GIO + CAMPANELLA — FOR SCOTT - BYE!

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DC Universe DCU Holiday Bash! III

Darren Vincenzo — editor
Joseph Illidge — associate editor

THE MEMORY FILLS HIS MIND...

WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE FIRST PRESENT, CLARK?

CAN I, MA? REALLY?

YOU KNOW YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T KID YOU, SON -- NOT ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

NOW THAT ONE... hmm...

I DO BELIEVE THAT'S THE CASTOR OIL GIFT SET-- ISN'T IT, MARTHA?

YOU STOP THAT, JONATHAN KENT!

SHRIPP!

CAPTAIN ADVENTURE! IT'S CAPTAIN ADVENTURE! WAIT'LL PETE ROSS SEES THIS!

NOW, CLARK-- I'M AFRAID YOUR MA AND I DIDN'T GET YOU ANY OF THE DISGUISES YOU CAN PUT HIM IN--THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OR THOSE OTHER MASKED MEN...

AW, CAPTAIN ADVENTURE DOESN'T NEED A MASK, PA!

AWAAAY-- TO ADVENTURE!

THANKS! THIS IS THE BEST PRESENT I EVER GOT!

AND YOU'RE THE BEST PRESENT WE EVER GOT, CLARK!

FOR AN INSTANT, HE'S TEN YEARS OLD AGAIN, IN HIS PARENTS' ARMS IN SMALLVILLE, KANSAS...

...THEN HE DROPS OUT OF THE CLOUDS AND SEES SOMETHING THAT JOLTS HIM BACK TO REALITY!

BATMAN... IN A METROPOLIS SUBURB?!

'COURSE, I HAVEN'T SEEN CAPTAIN ADVENTURE-- GIANT OR NOT-- IN OVER TWENTY YEARS...

...BUT A TIP TO THE DAILY PLANET DID SAY HE WAS HERE!

Take a trip back in time five years for a tale of Christmas past as told by...
KESEL - words
TAYLOR - layouts
JANSON - finishes
J. WRIGHT - colors
OAKLEY - letters

Dedicated to M. EURY

Christmas Past

NGH!

TZOOM!

THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING, *SUPERMAN?* THINK I WASN'T WATCHING... *WAITING* FOR YOU?

YOU FACE *CAPTAIN ADVENTURE* NOW -- THE *GREATEST* TOY OF ALL TIME!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE! WHILE HE'S DISTRACTED-- *MOVE!*

B-BUT--

DON'T LOOK *BACK*, MRS. LATTEM! KEEP *GOING* AND I'LL--

OH, GOD!

SKRAAMSH!!

--I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS TOYBOX TERRORIST.

DELUDED FOOL! YOU DON'T HAVE ONE-TENTH THE POWER OF CAPTAIN ADVENTURE!

CAPTAIN ADVENTURE ALWAYS RELIED ON HIS OTHER IDENTITY'S POWERS-- NEVER COULD HANDLE ANYTHING ON HIS OWN!

LIAR!

CAPTAIN ADVENTURE IS AN IDEAL HERO! ABLE TO DRAW ON A VAST ARRAY OF POWERS PERFECTLY SUITED TO HANDLE ANY...

...SITUATION...?

tick tick tick tick

BWOOM!

THIS... THIS WON'T STOP CAPTAIN ADVENTURE!

GIVE ME SAM LATTEM OR I VOW TO LEVEL THE ENTIRE SUBDIVISION WITH MY COSMIC RAY BLASTER!

C'MON, CAPTAIN-- THAT THING BARELY KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME!

AND HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED EVERY TIME YOU SHOOT OFF YOUR MOUTH LIKE THAT...

...IT'S LIKE SHOOTING YOURSELF IN THE FOOT?

GHEK--!

CAN'T

STAND...

TZOOM!

KRUMP!

TKLEK

GH--!

THOSE ... THOSE TWO DON'T PLAY *NICE!* THEY BROKE MY *TOY!*

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY WITH *THEM* ANYMORE!

UT!

GAME'S OVER, SCHOTT.

GO TO JAIL. GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL.

SAME RULES AS LAST TIME, *TOYMAN!*

OH ... H-E-- DOUBLE TOOTHPICKS!

--SAY YOU WORKED WITH TOYMAN, MR. LATTEM?

WELL, UM... NOT FOR YEARS, BUT... YES, WINSLOW SCHOTT TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT TOY-MAKING.

I FIGURED OUT HOW TO MODERNIZE ONE OF THE CLASSIC TOYS... OFFERED IT TO WINSLOW, BUT HE WASN'T INTERESTED.

SO I STRUCK OUT ON MY OWN... SUNK ALL OUR SAVINGS INTO PROTO-TYPES...STARTED SHOPPING IT AROUND...

... WON'T SIGN A DEAL THIS YEAR. TOO CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS NOW, BUT...

WELL, I'D HEARD WINSLOW HAD... GONE AROUND THE BEND, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D COME AFTER ME.

ALL BECAUSE HE THOUGHT I BETRAYED HIM AND HIS BELOVED TOYS BY WORKING ON SOMETHING NEW.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, huh?

WHAT CHRISTMAS, DAD? EXACTLY EVERYTHING WE HAD WAS TRASHED! NO HOUSE... NO CHRISTMAS TREE...

... NO ADVENTURE FORCE ACTION FIGURES UNDER THE TREE...

NOW, CORY-- WE STILL HAVE EACH OTHER...

YES. THANKS TO THESE... FINE HEROES. THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

LEAVING SO SOON?

SCHOTT STOLE AN EXPERIMENTAL *MICRO-PROCESSOR* FROM WAYNETECH AND USED IT IN HIS ROBOT.

I *TRACED* IT, *RETRIEVED* IT. I'M *DONE* HERE.

BUT... IT'S *CHRISTMAS*. THIS FAMILY HAS *NOTHING*.

WE HAVE TO *DO* SOMETHING... GIVE THEM SOME SENSE OF *HOPE*.

THE *BOY* ISN'T HURT, HIS PARENTS ARE *ALIVE*--THAT'S MORE THAN *SOME* PEOPLE CAN HOPE FOR.

EVERY-THING ELSE IS *REPLACE-ABLE*.

NOT IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR ENTIRE *WORLD*.

DO IT *YOUR* WAY, THEN...

...AND I'LL DO IT *MINE*.

AS ALWAYS...

SUPERMAN! WHAT--?

WELL, SINCE I HELPED *MAKE* A MESS OF YOUR PROPERTY-- IT'S ONLY RIGHT I HELP *CLEAN UP*.

MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME *COFFEE*, PULL UP A *CHAIR* AND GIVE HIM *ROOM*, FOLKS...

"... COULDN'T STOP HIM IF YOU *TRIED*!"

THERE. ALL CLEANED UP.

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE...

HOW CAN WE EVER *THANK* YOU, SUPERMAN?

OH... NO NEED. IT'S NOT MUCH, REALLY, BUT IT'S A *START*... AND SHOULD BE UP TO *CODE*, TOO.

JUST MY WAY OF SAYING *MERRY CHRISTMAS*.

HOPE YOU LIKE THE *WALLPAPER* IN YOUR NEW BEDROOM, CORY.

AND IF *NOT*, MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE *THIS* BETTER...

AN ADVENTURE FORCE *SOLARRIDER* ACTION FIGURE! OH, MAN! THIS IS THE *BEST* PRESENT *EVER*!

YOU KNOW, I SAID ALMOST THE *SAME THING* WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE AND GOT A SIMILAR--

?

MY, MY... HE WAS *RIGHT*. REBUILT FASTER THAN A TWINKLE IN ST. NICK'S EYE...

EXCUSE ME-- MR. LATTEM? *ALFRED PENNYWORTH*, REPRESENTING THE WAYNE FOUNDATION.

MR. WAYNE SENT ME THE *MINUTE* HE SAW YOUR LATEST PROTOTYPE. HE WOULD LIKE TO OFFER YOU A JOB DESIGNING TOYS FOR *NEEDY CHILDREN*.

YOUR *ACCEPTANCE* WOULD MAKE HIS CHRISTMAS *COMPLETE*, I ASSURE YOU.

I--I, *UM*--OF COURSE! *IMMEDIATELY!*

OH, I'M CERTAIN TOMORROW MORNING WILL BE *QUITE* ACCEPTABLE.

I ALSO HAVE A SMALL GIFT FOR YOUR *SON*, IF I MAY...?

THE ADVENTURE FORCE *NIGHT SCOUT* FIGURE! *THANKS*, MISTER!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS, MY BOY.

YOUR EMPLOYER'S VERY *GENEROUS*, MR. PENNYWORTH.

I DON'T THINK *SOME* PEOPLE REALIZE HOW *COMPASSIONATE*, *UM*, *BRUCE WAYNE* REALLY IS!

PERHAPS YOU'RE *RIGHT*, SIR. BUT I *ASSURE* YOU...

"... EVER SINCE MISTER WAYNE WAS A *CHILD*...

WAYNE MANOR

"... NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE *NOTHING* AT CHRISTMAS...

"... MORE DEEPLY THAN *HE.*"

End

HEATHEN WAYS

HEY, EVERYBODY, IT'S DIANA!

MERRRRRY CHRISTMAS!

OH PLEASE, YOU'LL MAKE ME CRY.

JOANNA, THE NEW HOUSE IS BEAUTIFUL!

Writer	Penciller	Inker	Colorist	Letterer
ERIC LUKE	CEDRIC NOCON	JAIME MENDOZA	LEE LOUGHRIDGE	CLEM ROBINS

"SO STICK UP IVY AND THE BAYS AND THEN RESTORE THE HEATHEN WAYS..."
--Henry Vaughan (1622-95)

I STILL FEEL SO GUILTY ABOUT DESTROYING THE OLD ONE.*

THAT'S OKAY, I LIKE THE NEW ONE BETTER.

*SEE WONDER WOMAN #140

DIANA! HEY DIANA!

CASSIE, QUIET DOWN OR YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO BED!

HOW IS IT LIVING ALONE UP IN THAT... WONDER DOME, ISN'T THAT WHAT THE PAPERS CALL IT?

IT'S ODD, LIVING IN SOMETHING THAT'S LINKED TO MY EMOTIONS.

IT CHANGES WITH MY MOODS... THE ROOMS AREN'T ALWAYS IN THE SAME PLACE.

THE MAIN THING IS... IT'S SAFE. NO ONE WILL GET HURT BY BEING CLOSE TO ME, ESPECIALLY WITH... WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON.

IT JUST SEEMS SO LONELY.

IT IS, A LITTLE. AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL.

HEY, DIANA!

CASSIE! I WAS WONDERING WHO THIS YOUNG LADY WAS! YOU'VE GROWN A FOOT!

OH NO I HAVEN'T.

I WAS WONDERING... I MEAN, I KNOW THERE'S DANGEROUS STUFF GOING ON RIGHT NOW--

--BUT ARE YOU *EVER* GOING TO COME BACK AND LIVE WITH US AGAIN?

I'M AFRAID THOSE DAYS ARE OVER. BUT I CAN STILL VISIT, CAN'T I?

SURE... I GUESS SO.

I KNOW SO.

NOW HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU. YOU CAN OPEN IT NOW IF YOU WANT.

OH, THIS IS *BEAUTIFUL*. I *REALLY* LIKE IT.

IT'S FROM THEMYSCIRA. IT WILL BRING LUCK IN COMBAT...WHICH IS TO SAY--

I KNOW, I *KNOW*..."IT WILL KEEP YOU *OUT* OF COMBAT." ARTEMIS MADE ME REPEAT THAT ONE 'TIL I WAS READY TO PUKE.

CASSIE!

THAT'S OKAY, JOANNA. SPEAKING OF ARTEMIS, WHERE *IS* SHE?

SHE'S OUTSIDE. WON'T CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS...SAYS SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN IT.

HAH!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

HAH!

YOU!

TRAITOR!

WHAT?!

YOU BETRAY EVERY OATH OF YOUR HERITAGE WHEN YOU ADOPT THE BELIEFS OF PATRIARCH'S WORLD!

I'M NOT BETRAYING ANYTHING!

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME WHEN YOU GET TOGETHER WITH FRIENDS AND EXCHANGE GIFTS.

OUR GODS ARE DYING BECAUSE FEWER PEOPLE BELIEVE IN THEM EVERY YEAR.

YOU ARE *KILLING* THEM WITH YOUR WAVERING DEVOTION.

HOW *DARE* YOU CELEBRATE THE HOLY DAY OF ANOTHER RELIGION?!

MIKE IS JEWISH. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO *GUESS* WHAT JASON BLOOD IS! I CAN CELEBRATE FRIENDSHIP IN ANY CULTURE!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR I'M HEARING THE TERRIBLE PLAGUE OF *PREJUDICE* IN YOUR WORDS, SISTER.

ARTEMIS, THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS SOMETHING INDEFINABLE.

IF YOU DON'T OPEN YOURSELF TO OTHER BELIEFS, YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND--

YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND *BETRAYAL*. SHUT UP AND LEAVE ME ALONE.

KAWHAM

Heh.

KKRUNCH

KRAK

WHACK

HEY, DIANA AND ARTEMIS ARE POUNDING THE SNOT OUT OF EACH OTHER!

WHAT THE HELL...?

WHO NEEDS A CAR ANY-WAY?

THOOM!

I PREFER PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION.

WHAP

CRUNCH

SWAAK

THANKS.

HUH? WHY DID SHE--?

JUST LIKE THE SOLSTICE DAY CONTEST ON THEMYSCIRA, DIANA.

TAKES ME BACK. :Sniff:

MERRY CHRISTMAS, SISTER.

SORRY ABOUT THE CAR, MIKE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

END

Alone for the Holidays

I'm usually *NOT* roof-crawling on Christmas Eve.

But the truth is I have nothing else to *DO*.

writer **Chuck Dixon**

penciller **Gordon Purcell**

inker **Danny Miki**

colorist **Noelle Giddings**

letterer **Clem Robins**

Not a *TOTAL* waste.

Looks like potential Yuletide burglary.

WAY wrong, boy wonder.

Don't know why I'm torturing myself.

But I at least want to *SEE* her.

Can't exactly show up for turkey and stuffing as *ROBIN*.

And Tim Drake can't join the festivities.

Just Steph and her mom.

At least she's got *SOMEBODY*.

House is still dark.

Not even *MRS. MAC* to nag me for coming in late.

She's visiting family back in Old Eire.

TIM, IT'S DAD. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

DANA AND I ARE STILL SNOWED IN AT O'HARE. WE'LL **TRY** TO BE BACK TOMORROW AFTERNOON.

No family for the holidays.

Get **USED** to it, boy whiner.

I'll just access the vigilante infranet and surf a while.

Beats watching people **HAPPIER** than me on TV.

ROBIN- NEED YOUR HELP URGENTLY. ORACLE

I'm glad for the distraction but I hope Barbara's all right.

Place is dark.

Don't like the **LOOKS** of this.

I TOLD YOU HE'D FALL FOR IT.

huh?

BABS BURNT THE COOKIES, BUT THE EGG NOG'S GOOD.

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO AID THIS *PHILISTINE* WITH THE DECORATIONS.

IT'S A CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR LONERS.

YOU GUYS--?

WE DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU.

THAT'S OKAY.

IT'S *REALLY* OKAY.

*Guess I forgot my **OTHER** family.*

THE END

Home for the Holidays

DADDY! I DRAWED THIS FOR YOU!

HOW MUCH LONGER, WILLY?

AW, THAT'S BEAUTIFUL, CHAMP!

SCOTT BEATTY writer	DAMION SCOTT penciller	SEAN PARSONS inker	NOELLE GIDDINGS colorist	CLEM ROBINS letterer

JUST EIGHT MORE MONTHS, BABY.

NEXT CHRISTMAS, IT'S YOU, ME, AND THE CHAMP THERE.

AND WHAT DID THE DOCTORS SAY?

Y'KNOW...THE USUAL.

THEY MENTIONED-- AW, *CRIPES*,..WHAT'D THEY CALL IT?

METAGENE THERAPY. *THAT'S* IT.

YOU'RE *STUCK* LIKE THIS, AREN'T YOU?

SLABSIDE PENITENTIARY VISITATION HOURS ARE NOW CONCLUDED. THE MAINLAND FERRY WILL BE DEPARTING IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. ALL VISITORS MUST AWAIT OFFICIAL ESCORT.

HOW'S IT HANGIN', SHRAPPY?

ARE YOU SURE I DON'T HAVE ANY VISITORS, SERGEANT RYBAK?

OH, YEAH. *SURE* YOU DO, SHRAPNEL...

THE TIN MAN WAS HERE...

...AND I THINK THAT PLATINUM BROAD FROM THE METAL MEN STOPPED BY FOR A LITTLE ***VISIT***. *Heh.*

SHUDDUP, RYBAK...OR I'LL LET MY PAL HERE OPEN YA UP LIKE A SARDINE CAN.

LET'S GO, SHRAPPY. YER EX-WIFE ***AIN'T*** COMING.

I THOUGHT SHE'D ***AT LEAST*** BRING THE GIRLS TO SEE ME.

"I MEAN, IT'S *CHRISTMAS* EVE AND ALL.

"WHY WOULDN'T THEY WANT TO SEE THEIR DADDY ON CHRISTMAS?"

I'VE GOTTA SEE MY GIRLS, WILLY.

NOW *HOW* YOU GONNA DO THAT?

I'LL THINK OF SOME-THING.

YOU *CAN'T* BE PLANNIN' ON BUSTIN' OUT.

C'MON, SHRAP. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

ONE STEP OUTTA LINE AND...*KPOW!* THE GUARDS TURN UP THE JUICE ON THE COLLARS.

WHAT'LL IT BE, *CREEPOS*--

--SALISBURY STEAK... OR SHEPHERD'S PIE?

WE'LL TAKE THE SPECIAL, JEAN-LOUIS.

MY COOKING *NOT* GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU FREAK-SHOWS?

NOT YOUR COOKIN', MON.

MY BOYS HERE LIKE DEY MEAT ON DE *TENDER* SIDE.

GHE-ROSS, DUDE!

YOU STILL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THAT GUY *WARP*, JEAN-LOUIS?

SSLHRT

HE ON THE OUTSIDE?

I KEEP MY FRIENDS *CLOSE*, MON.

NOT MANY PRISONS HOLD WARP.

CAN HE ZAP SOME-BODY OUTTA *HERE*?

WARP CAN'T GET *IN* DE SLAB. DE WHOLE PLACE IS SHIELDED FROM TELEPORTIN'.

BUT HE CAN WAIT *OUTSIDE* DE GATE...AND TAKE YOU ANYWHERE YOU WAN' GO FROM DERE.

ALL I DO IS GIVE HIM A SIGN.

NOW...DON'T FORGET YOUR CHRISTMAS COOKIES. DEY MADE WITH REAL RUM!

AH...SWEET IRONY! THE FOOLS SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT THE SLAB WAS BUILT UPON A UNION PRISON FOR CON-FEDERATE PRISONERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR!

THE *WHOLE* ISLAND IS LITERALLY CATACOMBED WITH SECRET PASSAGES!

MIND IF WE SIT HERE, PRAMBLE?

PRAMBLE?

OH YES INDEED. SIT. DO SIT, THE BOTH OF YOU. I'M SURE YOU'D PUMMEL ME RUTHLESSLY IF I DECLINED ANYWAY. BUT NOT FOR LONG. *NO-NO!*

AN *INCH* AT A TIME I SCOOPED THE EARTH, DEPOSITING THE SOIL IN MY CELL PRIVY!

STILL GOT THOSE MOOD SWINGS, *huh*, MULTI?

SO YOU SEE, I'VE *FLUSHED* MY WAY TO FREEDOM!

uh, RIGHT, WHATEVER.

YOU'RE *REALLY* THINKING ABOUT SKINNYING OUT, AIN'T YA, SHRAPNEL?

MAYBE. WANT IN?

I'M A SHORT-TIMER, SHRAP. WHY BLOW THAT?

I UNDER-STAND.

A POWDER CELLAR! AND IT'S NOT *EVEN* ON THE PRISON BLUEPRINTS!

I'M NOT SURE HOW, BUT I'M GETTING OFF THIS ROCK.

I'M GOING *HOME*, WILLY.

THE PERFECT *HIDEY-HOLE*, SECRETED FOR WELL OVER A CENTURY!

AND IT'S MINE... *ALL* MINE!

OH DEAR... WAS THAT OUT LOUD?

GRRBBLLUB!

BEH...BEH--

READY TO TALK, PRAMBLE?

YES! YES! ENOUGH!

SO YOU'VE *REALLY* GOT AN ESCAPE TUNNEL?

INDEED. BUT THERE'S A RUB...

YOU KNOW THE RULES--

--STEP INSIDE ANY CELL BUT YOUR *OWN* AND THE INHIBITOR COLLAR SHORTS OUT YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.

OR WHATEVER *YOU* HAVE THAT PASSES FOR ONE.

NOW I SHALL TOWEL OFF AND PLOT WAYS TO HUMILIATE YOU LATER.

LATER...

MULTI'S BARRICADED IN HIS CELL, Y'KNOW.

HE'S LOCKED UP TIGHT. AND *YOU* CAN'T GET IN WITHOUT FRYING YOUR STAINLESS STEEL SKULL.

I GOT IT COVERED.

JUST KEEP THE GUARDS OCCUPIED. THAT'S ALL I ASK, PAL.

OKAY. SO ASSUMIN' YOU SQUEEZE YOUR METAL HUMP THROUGH MULTI'S TUNNEL. HOW'RE YOU GETTIN' OFF SLABSIDE?

SKRITCH SKRITCH

"I GOT *THAT* COVERED, TOO.

OH FER CRIPES SAKE, BIVOLO! YA MADE A FLIPPIN' BLUE SANTA!

STUPID. HAH-HAH.

RAIDER'S A STUPID-STUPID.

I...AM...AN... *ARTIST!*

WUMP

WARNING! RIOT IN PROGRESS IN WARD B-34! PRISONWIDE LOCKDOWN INITIATED!

'EY! SHRAPNEL-MON!

WHAT ABOUT ME!?

"LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE LUCKED OUT, MY SCRAP-METAL FRIEND."

I WILL STAND HERE AND DELIGHT IN YOUR HELPLESSNESS.

WHUD WHUD WHUD WHUD

YOUR COLLAR DAMPS YOUR POWERS AND WOULD FRY YOU--

IF YOU COULD GET IN HERE.

PERHAPS I WILL REVEAL THE PASSAGEWAY TO YOU WHILE YOU STAND SO CLOSE ...BUT YET SO FAR.

NOT QUITE.

EEP.

GET BEHIND THE COT AND WRAP YOURSELF UP IN THE MATTRESS.

PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE KIDDING.

JUST DO IT!

KLANK

AND I'LL REMIND YA WHY THEY CALL ME SHRAPNEL!

BWADOOM

...AND LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION...

KRITT

BOO.

YEEP!

I WILL NOW SIT HERE AND THANK THE LORD I'M ALIVE.

AND WHEN THE GUARDS COME, I'LL TELL THEM WHERE YOU WENT, HOPING THAT YOU WON'T BEAT ME TO A FINE PASTE WHEN THEY CATCH YOU.

ZUT ALORS!

YOU WARP?

OUI... WHERE IS JEAN-LOUIS?

I GUESS HE HAD SOMETHING ELSE *COOKIN'*.

HE ARRANGES FOR ME TO BE HERE AND HE DOES NOT SHOW. FEH.

GIVE A GUY A LIFT?

THANKS, WARP. I OWE YA.

EMIL. CALL ME EMIL.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOUR FAMILY, *MON AMI*.

23

NOK NOK

NOK

JUST A MINUTE!

OH.

HIYA, SUZE.

HELLO, MARK.

I CAME TO SEE THE TWINS.

SHHH. I KNOW. THEY CALLED EARLIER TO LET ME KNOW YOU ESCAPED.

HOW DID YOU GET HERE SO *FAST?*

FRIEND GAVE ME A RIDE.

ARE THEY ASLEEP?

PLEASE DON'T WAKE THEM, MARK.

THE LAST THING THEY NEED ON CHRISTMAS EVE IS YOU AND SOME SUPER-HERO WRECKING THEIR HOME AND ENDING UP ON THE LOCAL NEWS.

THEY'RE *BEAUTIFUL.*

THEY BOTH HAVE YOUR EYES, MADDIE ESPECIALLY.

I MEAN...YOUR *OLD* EYES.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT.

COME ON, MARK. BEFORE THEY SEE YOU.

YOU DECORATE THE TREE YOURSELF?

YEAH, THOUGH I DON'T THINK IT'S AS GOOD AS YOUR TRIMMING. I HAVEN'T DONE THE TINSEL YET.

LET'S SEE.

IT'S ALL IN THE *SPACING*. YOU DON'T WANT TOO MUCH.

DID YOU BUY THE KIDS NICE STUFF?

THEY'LL BE SURPRISED. HIDING IT FROM THEM HAS BEEN THE HARD PART.

I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO BRING THEM.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MARK.

NOK NOK NOK

MA'AM, I'M AGENT DUNHAM, D.E.O.

HAVE YOU HAD ANY... *um*... *VISITORS* TONIGHT?

YES, SHE HAS.

THERE'S NO NEED FOR *THAT*. I'LL GO QUIETLY.

TELL MADDIE AND MEREDITH THEIR DADDY LOVES THEM, SUZE.

TELL THEM I THINK ABOUT THEM.

PO

WE SAW LIGHTS, MOMMY!

IS IT *CHRISTMAS*? NAS SANTA HERE?

YES, HONEY.

SANTA WAS HERE.

END

AN EYE FOR DETAIL

CHUCK DIXON, WRITER QUIQUE ALCATENA, ARTIST RICK TAYLOR, COLORIST CLEM ROBINS, LETTERER

SNOWFALL IN THE COTTONWOOD
THE WIND'S ABOUT TO CHANGE
EV'RY COWPOKE'S BEIN' GOOD.
IT'S CHRISTMAS ON THE RANGE.

SAW YOUR SMOKE AND SMELT CHICKEN ON THE BREEZE AND THOUGHT--

OH.

THIS AIN'T NONE OF *YOUR* AFFAIR, MISTER.

WHY DON'T YOU GET ON YOUR PONY AND RIDE, 'LESS YOU *WANT* SOME A' THIS.

CAN'T SAY THAT I DO.

EVENIN', GENTLEMEN.

MA'AM...

ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SIGN OVER THE DEED TO THIS FLYSPECK FARM OF YOURS...

OR IT'S GONNA GO *HARD* ON YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER.

PARDON ME AGAIN, GENTLEMEN...

I WAS ABOUT TO FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE AND HEAD ON DOWN THE TRAIL.

BUT THEN I *NOTICED* SOMETHIN' THAT MADE ME TURN BACK.

THAT WAS A *BAD* MOVE, MISTER.

HOPE THEM COYOTES DIDN'T BUST YOU UP *TOO* BAD, SIR.

I TOLD THOSE FELLERS THE *TRUTH*, MA'AM.

I *DID* COME BACK 'CAUSE OF SOMETHIN' I NOTICED.

SNOWFALL IN THE COTTONWOOD ♫
THE WIND'S ABOUT TO CHANGE
EV'RY COWPOKE'S BEIN' GOOD
IT'S CHRISTMAS ON THE RANGE.

THE END

BLASTOMATIC 3000

S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31

SPEED LIMIT 5

SCREECH

Bart

Bart

to MAx

BEING THE FULL-TIME *GUARDIAN* OF *BART ALLEN*--aka *IMPULSE*, SUPER-FAST GUTTER-SNIPE FROM THE *FUTURE* WHO THINKS WITH HIS *FEET*-- ISN'T ALWAYS *FUN* FOR *MAX MERCURY*.

IT HAS ITS *MOMENTS*, THOUGH.

No, Bart, There Is No Santa Claus

Mark Waid & **Devin Grayson** writers

Craig Rousseau penciller

Mike Sellers inker

Jason Scott Jones colorist

Clem Robins letterer

Darren Vincenzo editor

IMPULSE created by **Mark Waid** and **Mike Wieringo**

ONE MORE DAY TO GO. THINK YOU'LL MAKE IT?

BART? BART?

To BART

I SEE YOU'RE CONSUMED. TELL ME... IF YOU WERE SOMEONE WHO ACTUALLY THOUGHT, WHAT MIGHT YOU BE THINKING ABOUT RIGHT NOW?

THE BLASTOMATIC 3,000.

THAT NEW VIDEO GAME? WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THERE'S ONE OF THOSE UNDER THE TREE?

I'M NOT. BUT THERE WILL BE.

SANTA'S GONNA BRING IT.

"SANTA"? AREN'T YOU A LITTLE... OLD FOR SANTA CLAUS, BART?

KIDS YOUR AGE HAVE USUALLY DECIDED THAT HE'S JUST--WELL, A MYTH. AND A HIGHLY IMPROBABLE ONE, AT THAT.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT "SANTA," ANYWAY?

I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM. SECRET HEADQUARTERS. RED SUIT. TRAVELS AT SUPER-SPEED.

WHAT'S SO IMPROBABLE ABOUT THAT?

:SIGH:

COME ON. LET'S GO FOR A RUN AND TALK.

BART, SANTA'S NOT *REAL*. *THINK* ABOUT IT. HOW COULD HE ALWAYS KNOW WHO'S *GOOD* AND WHO'S *BAD*?

HE READS *MINDS*.

LIKE *MARTIAN MANHUNTER*.

HE SUPPOSEDLY PUTS HIS *FINGER* AGAINST HIS *NOSE* AND *DISAPPEARS* IN A *WINK*!

BATMAN DOESN'T EVEN NEED THE *FINGER*!

AND HE SHRINKS DOWN *CHIMNEYS*, LIKE THE *ATOM* OR--

GREAT. NOW YOU'VE GOT *ME* DOING IT.

LOOK, *GRANTED*, IT'S A *NICE IDEA*. BUT PEOPLE JUST AREN'T THAT *SELFLESS*, BART. THIS MAN SPENDS HIS *WHOLE LIFE* IN *SERVICE* OF PEOPLE HE DOESN'T EVEN--

HELLO?! SUPERMAN!

YES, BART, BUT EVEN *SUPERMAN* CAN'T BE EVERY-WHERE AT...

...*ONCE*...

MANCHESTER INN

OKAY. *REALITY* CHECK. *NORTH POLE*. LOOK *AROUND*. NO WORKSHOP, NO ELVES, NO REINDEER.

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN *THAT*, BART? THERE'S ONLY *ONE* ANSWER...

SANTA'S BEEN **KIDNAPPED!**

EVERYBODY'S WAITING FOR HIS *PRESENTS*! OH, *NO*!

MAX, YOU GO *FIND* HIM! I'VE GOTTA *FILL IN*!

BART, *NO*! COME *BACK* HERE! YOU CAN'T--HOW WILL YOU--

BAAART!

SANTA'S BAG

?

LOOK, MOMMY! ONE OF THE *ELVES* IS GOING *POSTAL!*

?

OKAY, MAX. STAY *CALM*. THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH TROUBLE HE CAN TURN UP *TODAY* OF *ALL* DAYS.

HE WON'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR. AFTER ALL, WHERE DOES HE THINK HE'S GOING TO FIND *PRESENTS* AT THIS TIME OF--

BATTLECOM

BATTLECOM
lectronics

LATE *NIGHT*, MR. BATTLE, SIR.

CHRISTMAS NEVER SEEMS TO FIND ITS WAY INTO THE *BOARDROOM*, STEVENS. LET'S GO HOME WHILE THERE'S STILL SOME HOLIDAY *LEFT*--

HIDOYOUIWORKHERE?

I OWN "HERE." DOES THAT *COUNT?*

LOOK, STEVENS, IT'S ONE OF SANTA'S LITTLE *HELPERS.* WHAT CAN I *DO* FOR YOU, SON? SHOULDN'T YOU BE AT *HOME* THIS LATE?

I'VE GOT AN *EMERGENCY.*

WELL, THEN... LET'S TAKE *CARE* OF IT! WHAT CAN I DO?

DO YOU HAVE ANY COPIES OF *BLASTOMATIC 3000* HERE? YOU KNOW, LIKE, LYING *AROUND?*

A *FEW.* WE'RE GETTING READY TO MAIL THESE *SAMPLER DISKS* TO HOUSEHOLDS *EVERYWHERE.*

WOW!

DO YOU THINK I COULD *HAVE* SOME? I WANT TO GIVE THEM TO PEOPLE FOR *CHRISTMAS!*

BLASTOMATIC 3000 PROMO

YOU SURE IT'S WHAT EVERYONE ON YOUR LIST *WANTS?*

WHO *WOULDN'T?*

WELL, THEY'RE MARKED FOR *DISTRIBUTION.* GO *AHEAD.* TAKE AS MANY AS YOU--

SECURITY

--*LIKE--?*

BLASTOMATIC

BLASTOMATIC

BLASTOMATIC

TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT THE *GAMES*.

PROMOS. GUY WHO *MAKES* 'EM SAID I COULD GIVE 'EM *OUT*. *HONEST!*

MERRY *CHRISTMAS!*

:*sigh*: ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOUR *HONESTY*. I JUST WANT TO KNOW *ONE THING*.

BART... WHAT DO YOU THINK A *LITTLE GIRL* IN *BANGLADESH* IS GOING TO DO WITH A COPY OF *BLASTOMATIC 3000*? HOW CAN SHE EVEN *PLAY* THE GAME? WHERE WILL SHE--

WHAT? *WHAT*? WHAT *IS* IT?

BLASTOMAT

I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS THE *THOUGHT* THAT *COUNTS*.

OKAY. YOUR *INTENTIONS* WERE *GOOD*. BUT YOU REALIZE YOU GAVE AWAY ALL YOUR *OWN* PRESENTS, *TOO*, DON'T YOU?

IT'S THAT PESKY "*CONSEQUENCES*" CONCEPT YOU HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH.

TREE'S *EMPTY*, BART. I'M *SORRY*.

MAX

BART, I *MEAN* IT. YOU GRATE ON MY *NERVES*, BUT EVEN *I* DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU DISAPPOINTED AT *CHRISTMAS*. MAYBE *MONDAY* WHEN THE *STORES* OPEN, I CAN FIND YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING TO--

BUT...WHEN...? WHERE...? *HOW*...?

BLASTOMATIC 2000

To: *Bart*
From: *Santa*

?

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

DC
Carols
ARAGONÉS 98